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M·P NEWS



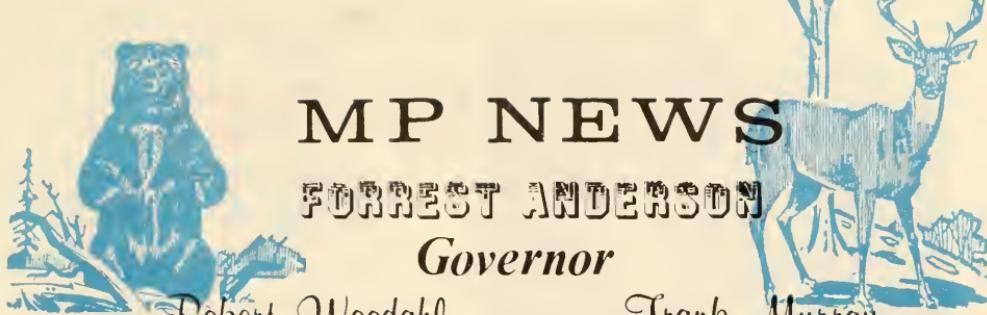
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MP NEWS

FORREST ANDERSON

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STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	22619	Low Number	14550
Population Inside	271	Rothe Hall	143
Womans Quarters	6	Ranches	19
Misc. Trusties	7	Total Count	447
		On Leave	1

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From ~~the~~ thy EDITOR

Everyone of us must go through life getting a reprimand from time to time, and we all should be mature enough to accept our own shortcomings, and put to use the knowledge of others. It is extremely foolish for those of you who think to the contrary, to take offense against one who is in an authoritative position: "When he tells us we are wrong, and tries to influence us to be right."

The majority think that the best way to reject a reprimand is just another way of saying, "Get off of my back," but this being so, I am inclined to think, or believe, that the rejection of reprimands are due to the lack of making clear the reasons for the reprimand in the beginning. Perhaps, just with a little more effort involved on the part of the authoritative person to explain the reason for the reprimand, the people might just accept them more readily.

As I was saying, life is full of reprimands; from the small insignificant complaints of the wife, who doesn't like the way her



man ties his shoe laces, to the larger offenses against an unlightened public, that can - and do - result in an individual being sent to prison for part of, or most of his entire life. To communicate with the person receiving a reprimand, the authoritative person should try to the best of his ability to make sure that the crime or offense will not happen again: And then again, Punishment is just not enough! The authoritative person must make the offender comprehend the meaning of a reprimand: And Why It Is Wrong! (And I don't mean a simple statement like this: "Because I say so, or because you're not suppose to, that's why!")

The loss of years, which may seem like a lifetime for a convict behind high stone walls, especially for the inmates that have In-

dian blood flowing through their veins; must be made to comprehend the reasons behind a reprimand.

hind the reprimand.

The next time you receive a reprimand, try to find out the reason and the logic behind it, (again I say, If Any.) so that it won't happen again.

The next time YOU are the authoritative person handing out a reprimand, explain why, and try logically to communicate the meaning.

In passing, I would also like to mention that; all too often, when asked why, or what is the logical reasoning behind a certain reprimand, or statement, the answer seems to fall in the catagories that I've already mentioned. To try to pursue the issue any further is, as far as I'm concerned is fruitless, because on these particular instances, there is no sound or concrete bases,

If a little child, ignorant of wrong doing, and is corrected for his miscue, it is useless, unless the child clearly comprehends the meaning of his misdeed: 1. Why, what he did was wrong. 2. How to keep from making the same mistake over again.

Throughout life, we meet things that are so strange to us, and without someone to tell us what is right, and what is wrong, we are as ignorant as children, and do not clearly understand when a reprimand is given out; hence the rejection of said reprimand.

Of course, we all have to accept the fact that there are social Rules, by which we must all abide by. If we realize that there is a lack of comprehension, we should attempt to find out the reasoning, (if any) be-



"...And to Rocky, I leave sixty thousand dollars
you-know-where..."



Nightkeeper

Published weekly in the Spectator, inmate written and edited newspaper at Southern Michigan Prison, Nightkeeper's Report has been acclaimed the most widely printed prison feature in the nation's 190 member Penal Press. Penned in neat Spencerian script by nightkeeper John H. Purves in the 1880's, the day-to-day reports chronicled occurrences within the dark and gloomy confines of the prison. Today the reports are dust laden, worn and fragile. But entries abound in a crisply written and entertaining report of nights behind bars.

July 10 -Variety marked the usual prison procedure this night just past. At 11:30 Guard Foote pulled open the door of cell No. 5, third gallery, West and discovered that the convict was gone. He reported it to me and I climbed to the top of the cell block with a dark lantern. I reasoned that it was the logical place for him to be, and there he was. I called to him to come down and he called back, "If you want me bad enough come up and get me, otherwise go soak your head." He also flavored his statement with several uncomplimentary remarks about my parentage and the habits of guards in general. I sent Guard Foote and Lapham, whom I found dozing at their hospital post, to the roof to capture the prisoner, while I investigated the cell and found, by the door card, the man was Forrest, No. 855. He had rigged up a gadget which hooked his door and which was held to the floor, which he manipulated through a hole in the door once he had been let out for the evening school. However, he had not given the hook contrivance the proper manipulation, before shinning-up the door to the roof and it had failed to hold when Guard Foote tried it during his regular rounds. In the meantime Forrest had offered considerable resistance and when Guard Foote and Lapham returned with the prisoner from the roof all three were considerably disheveled. Forrest had a knife and a screwdriver in his possession, but he had not been able to use them, thanks to the forethought of the guard who prevented his several attempts to get at his pock-

ets. I locked Forrest in a basement cell and instructed Foote to escort Lapham back to the hospital where they might administer to each other's superficial wounds. As for Forrest, it is my opinion that he be treated leniently in view of his hitherto perfect record and the fact that he is a lifer with no hope of ever getting out. But for his vile and offensive language, which was directed against his superiors, I recommend stern measures. At 1:30 in the morning Guard Foote discovered another door open, but the prisoner, 68-Third, West was in his cell and sleeping, without knowledge of the unlocked door. Blame for this situation is due Guard Coepling who has been warned about being too hasty in locking up nights. He must have shot the bolt only slightly, so that, the first time Foote tried the door, the jar was enough to slip the bolt all the way back without causing the door to open. Guard Foote made a great show of his zealousness before quitting for the day, but it does not pay to have these new men getting the swellhead, so I took the air out of his sails by reminding him that had he as he professed to be, been doing his job he would have found the door open at 11:30 when making his first round.

July 17 -Just after the bell there was a lot of hand-clapping in the East Wing in applause to a tune played on a banjo by one of the convicts. I cannot condone this applause, though frankly it was merited. This convict plays as neat a banjo ditty as I've heard in some time, and I favor this instrument somewhat more than others. While all this was going on, Guard Williams suffered a severe heart attack. He became quite blue and complained of intense pain. I called the doctor who responded promptly but he gives little hope for the recovery of this fine officer.

July 18 -Guard Conway reported at 2:00 a.m. that he thought that Hartford, No. 492, was dead in his cell. On investigation we found him very much alive, though smelling strongly of applejack. Some of the scoundrels have evidently brewed another batch of juice, and Hartford drank more than his share. There's no getting the story out of him tonight, however, not in the condition he is in, so I ordered him taken to a solitary cell. This is not a new experience for the convict by any means. I had an idea there was a suspicious aroma present in the hay barn, and now we shall have a thorough

investigation down there. It should have been done before this, but the guard staff being limited as it is, there were hardly enough men for the necessary duties.

JULY 19 -James Jackson, No. 46, claims his right name is William Notter. He is a lifer and received a letter from his wife, who informed him that she was obtaining a divorce. He was found by the new guard, Chuck Ebert, hanging by the neck from the top of his cell door. Guard Ebert was pretty well shaken by the experience, but had sense enough to cut the rope before calling for help. And it was his presence of mind that no doubt saved the convict's life for he recovered in a couple of hours albeit his face began turning purple. Sometimes I wonder if a lifer such as this would not be better off dead than existing in a dreary living-death.

JULY 21 -Jackson, the convict who tried to hang himself a few nights previously, lies still and quiet like a dead man in his cell. He will neither speak nor answer when spoken to, and will not take even coffee or water when offered to him. I recommended that he be moved to a hospital cell where a close watch can be kept over him, and feeding can be forced upon him, otherwise I suspect he will slowly starve himself to death, after failing in a quicker method the other night.

JULY 22 -As the years stretch out and my service at the prison lengthens I receive hundreds of strange and unusual requests. But the strangest of all came to me this night, written in a scrawling, half-illiterate hand. It was signed simply No. 2296. And, of all things, it was a request for permission to build air castles. I do not understand how this convict plans to build air castles, but I made haste to issue a tinker's permit to him for this purpose before it slipped from my mind and I entered it in the back of the journal on page 284. Mayhap the poor soul will find some sort of release mentally from the duress of his confinement by receiving this permit and attention from his keeper.

JULY 23 -There is little to report during the night past other than convict Frank Price, No. 728, was found to have destroyed a pair of state shoes. Hallmaster Wood reported as follows: "I must charge Price, with willfully destroying his shoes by wearing them until they were unfit for repair or further use. Thus the soles are so far gone as to be useless while the uppers are as good as new, yet cannot be utilized for wear. I also

wis. to report Price for using avusive language and telling me that he can wear these shoes as long as he damned well pleases and all I should worry about is that he don't wear them out beating a lament on my empty skull. I attempted to inform Price as to the care of his clothes, and the proper relation between convict and custodian, but that only resulted in further unprintable language." As a result of Hallmaster Wood's report, I feel that a treatment in manners, particularly with the leather strap applicator. By order of the Deputy Warden five days of his good time were taker from Price, and he was soundly lectured on his behavior.

July 24 -Keeper Gallup reports Congdon, No. 790, for refusing to complete his day's task. On the way to his cell, after being reported, Congdon said to the Keeper. "You can report me or not, for all I care. But I'll only do what the human body will stand. I'm no slave, and I'll advise you to study the Emancipation Declaration if you can get somebody to read it to you." Keeper Gallup, in reporting this convict also made it clear he was irked at the convict's insinuation that he can't read and assured me that he went as far as the 3rd grade which is sufficient for reading the necessary orders and writing out complaints. I assured him that he had an ample education, instructing him not to take to heart everything these disgruntled convict's say. By order of the Deputy Warden No. 790 was taken to the West Wing and given seven bats with a leather strap in the presence of the Physician.

Parole Statistics

There were 46 men who went up before the May Parole Board: 8 of these waived their hearing until a later date, and 18 out of these 46 men that went up, 18 made the grade - either paroled to detainees or to a definite job plan. And then there were 19 who didn't make the grade and were flopped for various reasons, either to appear at a later date, or serve to discharge. One was on leave to custody, and was not here to have his case heard, but will at a later date, at his convenience. The 3 Parole Violators' that went up, one was re-paroled and the others were set to discharge. There were 11 re-consideration cases heard: 1 was to re-appear in 6 months another deferred until June, and the other to re-appear in June also. And that was about the size of it. (mutt)

Our Indian Culture

Albert Calflooking



I have not written an article of this nature at any-time, but something compels me to do so, as we hear about the racial difficulties and the revolts against the Establishments throughout this country that was once the Redman's. I would like to move deeper into the problems of the American Indian, as I go before the Parole Board again in July, and I may not be able to collect my thoughts in trying to make this article stand-up and be recognized for what it is - the truth.

The topic of racial problems have been bouncing back and forth like a rubber ball, between the whites and the blackmen for many-a-moon, and this has demonstrated that the black revolt has accomplished some recognition to a degree. That seems to be the name of the game - riots, looting, etc. It is true that the Indian has not revolted, because he was indirectly brainwashed by white history, i.e., the whit way of doing things,

The Indian was put into a society unknown and strange to him, a government that was unrealistic to him, and this being so; he just couldn't begin to cope with the structure as a whole. And so, unable to progress, the Indian laid back as a dying nation; yet, in his very own society, the Indian was able to make progress, to be educated in the Indian way of life, to be a proud patriot to his own nationality and have the pride and self-re-

spect as an individual of his own culture.

In backing up these statements, I am now going to state a good example of the way our Great White Father in our nation's Capitol operates. When our government the United States, brought Germany to its knees in 1945: They left them their pride, their land, their culture, their patriotism and their way of life. But, what did they do when they defeated the Indian Nation? They left them nothing, but still the Indian is a proud individual incarcerated or not.

The white-eyes will classify the Indian Religion as a legend, whereas, the whitemen will believe in Adam and Eve. The Blackfeet Nation in the Northwestern part of the United States and Canada centuries ago, used to believe in an Indian God Napi, who was said to have created the world, the animals, the MAN, the Sun and what have you. Where is this religion of our Indian Nations in this, supposedly great country of ours today? And why do the Japanese, the Italians, and Germans, still have their religion? Then, why didn't the whiteman destroy that too? Was it because he had a heart? Where is that heart now? And where was that heart in 1500, 1700, and 1800? Where is it now? I mean - Today?

If it's the whiteman's feeling to be favorable and understanding to other countries, why doesn't he support the country of the people - who almost gave them their Indian Country on a "Silver Platter."

To-day the Indian is fortifying his pride in his own race, he is once more gaining Self-respect, he is getting more demanding, and closer to his Indian Brothers; he is developing his Indian Patriotism. The life in the Indian soul is overcoming, what used to be "white spot" and most of all, he is starting something that should have never ended.

(mutt)

It is not adversity that kills but the impatience with which we bear adversity.—Lines carved by an unknown prisoner in the Tower of London

**When you're through changing,
you're through.—Bruce Barton**

On Self-Improvement

There's only one corner of the universe you can be certain of improving—and that's your own self. So you have to begin there, not outside, not on other people. That comes afterwards, when you've worked on your own corner.—Aldous Huxley

—Quoted in American School News.

Opposed to Senseless

Law Talk By A.F. Charlo

An imprisoned person could care less about how strict the law could be or get, that is, the person who can only be a criminal and nothing else. He could shout out, "What the heck, one, two, three years or maybe life in a prison will never stop me from being a bad guy. It's my racket." Let it be anyone but the criminal to think about this sort of criminal philosophy and he will believe the guy is either insane or has nothing in life to live for.

This is life for most prisoners, a rotten life to be sure. Can they help it? Some can, but can those help themselves who have had nothing and care less if they ever have anything? And most criminals who never had anything in life become disillusioned of many things from imprisonment and see the free world as their enemy. They need help not punishment.

An habitual criminal could walk out of prison thirty times, and each time he returned to prison, his mind would focus on some other way to beat the law. Why should he not think as this? His only pleasure of thinking toward a better life while in prison is that of being free once more.

The little people on the reverse side of the big green door have an idiotic game of hide and forget. They have their job, and the criminal may as well believe he is being only punished; not rehabilitated. This means that without rehabilitation a criminal may return to a prison as long as he is able to steal.

Most state prisons use an armed force discipline, or an antique correctional system. This odd philosophy to rehabilitate prisoners is what makes them resentful: It tortures rather than reforms. The result after they are released is that they are a little bit more bitter and offensive.

Some people believe that the armed force discipline is right to use on prisoners; this may be true, that is, if the ignorance is eliminated from it and replaced with

some sort of rehabilitation. Prisoners are being punished to live with society, not punished in a certain way to kill an enemy.

All criminals are dirty, lying, stealing stupid people; therefore, they are all punished without some sort of rehabilitation. Probably because the Legislature has full authority to impose the laws which say that a person may be imprisoned for any criminal act, and that is at hard labor not improvement. The commission and society believe all criminals are sane and know what they are doing so "baby, they sock it to 'em."

Now, let us ask a few big questions: Are all criminals stable because they commit crime after crime? Are some people liable for the crimes they commit? How can any judge be sure that the people he keeps sending to prison are only troublesome citizens? These questions enter the minds of the public and, before they are answered, are cast aside as soon as the people of crimes are convicted and incarcerated.

Without seeking information why there is more crime in the U.S.A., the commission chairman, Wesley Castles, wants to impose heavier laws in Montana by revising those passed by the 1963 Legislature. One states:

The commission will propose four categories for felonies, with sentences of 5, 15, and 30 years and life. In addition, the death penalty would be retained and habitual criminals would be liable to increased sentences for second and third offense.

People should realize that laws which pass these sentences will also retain the law that states: "Any second offense committed may be given the maximum for the said crime committed and added time for any prior convictions."

These revised laws could make it 'pretty tough' on any criminal if they are used with the statutes set as precedents.

Because the public believes that a criminal is part animal, bigger and better pens are being built. Stricter laws are being imposed. This is morally wrong logic to use on criminals, because nearly 80 per cent of them have latent talent which is going to waste.

Instead of degrading criminals society should be willing to help criminals, who want help, by building some sort of colleges inside of prisons. This would help educate the prisoners with talent and give them their proper place in society. And maybe after these prisoners with latent talents are exposed, they could be the missing link between the law and chaotic people. Here is what Art Buchwald wrote in his article:

Once again, Gov. Maudox hit the ax handle on the head. While penologists, sociologists, parole officers and prison commissions all have been at odds as to how to rehabilitate prisoners, Maudox has come up with the simplest and, without doubt, most sensible solution.

It has been known for years that prisons have been accepting a very low-class type of inmate, some without education, others who are unstable and some who are just plain antisocial.

No effort has been made to attract a better grade of prisoner who would not only improve the caliber of our rehabilitation programs, but would also make society treat prisoners with the respect they deserve. For too long now we've been taking our prisoners for granted, and the standard for convicted felons has declined to a point where almost anyone can get into prison without his qualifications being questioned.

(Author's note: Art Buchwald's article may be sarcastic, but it could be a new thing that could possibly work for a lot of criminals.)

If our society is to continue its greatness, it must search for more Isaac Newtons, more Socrates, more Platos, and more Einsteins. Where can society search for these people? No other place than where it has never been truly searched before. It would never be the waste of money if society does take a chance on screened criminals: That is, mature criminals who show a potential benefit to society. A set up such as what Art Buchwald described in his article would suffice:

Intelligence tests have to be set up at prisons to weed out those unfit to be imprisoned. Then personal interviews would be given to the prospective convicts to see if they've got what it takes to be rehabilitated. If they can't cut the mustard, then the prison should have the right to reject them.

Besides the tests and the interviews, the admissions board would demand references from the candidates to see that the convicted were of high moral character. It's also possible, in the case of federal prisons, that each congressman and senator could recommend two candidates for each penitentiary, as they do to West Point and Annapolis. In the case of state prisons, the governor could select the ones he believes have the most on the ball.

Can we depend on colleges and universities for educated people anymore? They are in chaos by the minority, and the law and majority are being intimidated by such a small class of people contributing senseless violence. Prisons have law and order where it would be more sensible to find one or two people with latent, intellectual power.

So all right, education is a handicap for most criminals. But does this imply that no person can be educated, (that is, a stable person)? Surely, it has been noted that criminals, who have been educated in prisons, have gone on to benefit from higher education. So the more education and vocations that can bud in prisons, the more talent will be exposed.

My belief of potential talent is: In order to know if one has intellectual talent, this talent has to be educated; and if any potential wisdom is within that one, good education will surface any capabilities the one has to offer society.

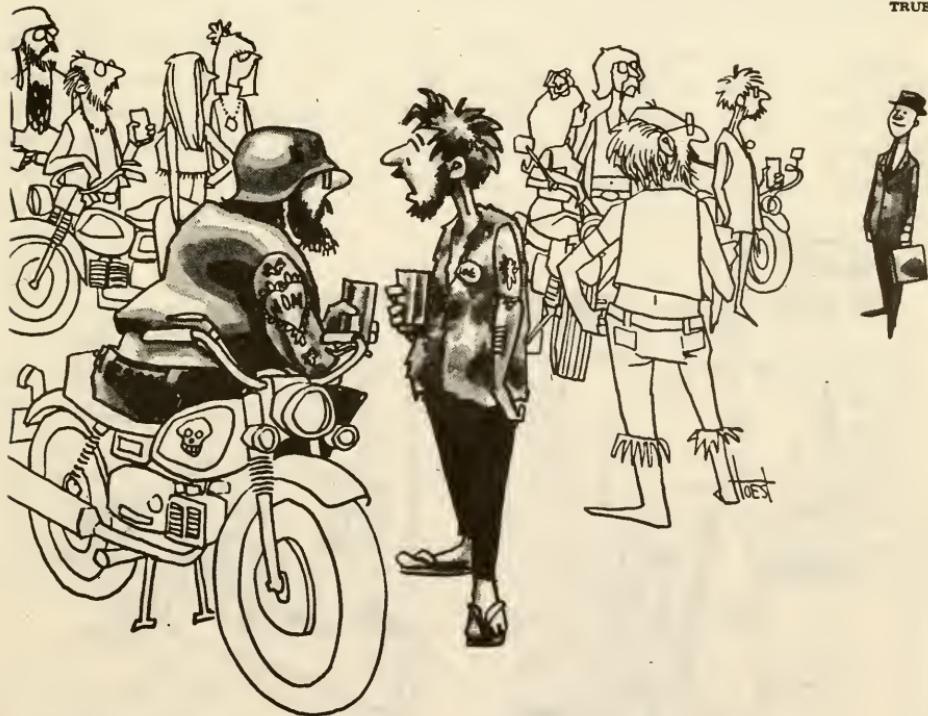
Doctor Karl Menninger cites in his book, The Crime of Punishment, from Charles D. McAtee, director of Penal Institutions for the State of Kansas, who recently declared:

If we really intend to combat the problem

(of crime), let's start at the grassroots level with community action committees who can best pool and coordinate the local resources available to combat crime. I believe that an informed, concerned, and aroused citizenry can have a tremendous impact on the causative factors of crime and delinquency, and that local community committees, dedicated to this effort and utilizing local community resources, can not only prevent crime, but can more adequately provide reasonable alternatives to imprisonment, for some of those who are involved in criminal offenses.

I conclude with what should be thought about and understood: If humans are to endure as intellectual and cultivated people far above any life on earth, they must remain free from all turmoil and be as one society working together in unities, not degrading one another by out-dated Constitutions.

TRUE



"Are we interested in group insurance?"

extra! Prison NEWS

The new facility, the Gym, came in handy over the Memorial Day week-end as it rained most of the morning and the games were held inside, until the sun came out around ten-thirty. The concession line inside of the Gym was a half-a-block long, but nobody seemed to mind as the band kicked out a few foot-tapping tunes that were right snappy. Prizes were awarded for all participants who were lucky enough to win first or second place. But, the name of the game, was the fat man's race, that was held in the afternoon, besides horse shoes, ball throw, ball rolling, 50 yard dash, and the piggy-back race, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves as they munched on pop-corn, ate ice cream bars, and drank pop.

Mr. B.C. Miles is now the Director of the Board of Pardons and Paroles, replacing Fred White who resigned for personal reasons.

The AA & Al-Anon Open House that was held here at the Montana State Prison Theater on May 25, 1969 was a great success, with speakers from various parts of the state as well as our own inmate speakers. Food service furnished the refreshments, and the Prison Band supplied the musical entertainment.



• "Had any experience?"



• "Hi, Mrs. Murphy! Can your dog come out and play?"

SPORTS NEWS

Gene Grant

Rothe Hall Softball league got a good start this year with a two game won, and one loss record. The first game was with Meadowland Dairy with Rothe Hall winning by a score of 14 to 12. The second game with a lot of errors from Rothe Hall, the Merchants came from behind and won by a close score of 14 to 12. Rothe Hall managed to stay ahead of the Deer Lodge Jaycee's with a score of 13 to 10, however the Rothe Hall team is getting to look like a team that is really going to be hard to beat. Just a little fixing up in the right positions for the right players, and Rothe Hall has the league in the BAG. So, for the batting averages are as follows and increasing all the time.

PLAYER	AB	HITS	AVE.
B. Dower	8	5	.625
J. Van Nuland	10	6	.600
G. Azure	2	1	.500
J. Michel	2	1	.500
Dan Matt	9	4	.444
G. Grant	11	4	.363
B. Gone	11	4	.363
J. Babbit	11	4	.363
A. Morsette	9	3	.363
H. Ford	3	1	.333
J. Hays	3	1	.333
B. Olson	11	3	.272
C. Wilson	8	1	.125
S. Boyer	9	1	.111
B. Old Bull	2	0	.000

Prison Inmates help Blind Students

Jerry McGivern



In the inside administration building are located two small rooms. These rooms are used for various affairs. Some of these affairs include, interviews with Lawyers, Ministers, members of the Montana Defenders Project, but the most important usage of these rooms is when they are being used by the two inmates assigned to work in them, when they are not being used for any of the above mentioned reasons.

These two inmates record on tape a variety of textbooks for the blind and partially sighted students throughout the State of Montana. The textbooks recorded include courses in mathematics, history, science, English etc. The textbooks may be of the Primary grade level, or even on a College level basis. About one-third of the books taped in the State are done here.

This work is not only of great help to the student, but it is a great help to the inmate himself. It is a help to the inmate because he feels that his time in prison is not a waste of time, because he knows that he is helping someone that needs and wants his help. This I think, is what makes this job so important to me. I know that what I am doing is appreciated by someone in



the outside world.

This program has been going on here at the Montana State Prison, for approximately six years. In 1964 it was updated by two conscientious inmates, both of whom are no longer here, but their style of work has remained and I hope their quality of work has too.

This program comes under the direction of Mr. R. Field Director of Education here at MSP who coordinates the work schedule with Mr. Emil Honka, Director of the Services for the Blind, Department of Public Welfare, for the State of Montana.

It is hoped that in the future new facilities will be acquired for the recording of these textbooks, and possibly expanding the program here at the prison.

The happy man concentrates on the advantages of his situation, rather than the disadvantages.

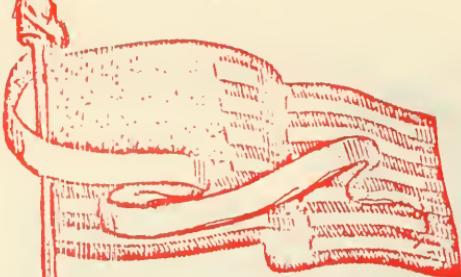
The aim of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it.

William James

"There is nothing better for a man than to rejoice in his work" (Ecclesiastes 3:22)

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson

They that won't be counseled, can't be helped.—Benjamin Franklin



JUST A PIECE OF CLOTH

That's all it is-just a piece of cloth.

You can count the threads in it and it's no different from any other piece of cloth.

But then a little breeze comes along, and it stirs and sort of comes to life and flutters and snaps in the wind, all red and white and blue.

It has your whole life wrapped up in it. The meals you're going to eat. The time you're going to spend with your wife. The kind of things your boy will learn at school. Those strange and wonderful thoughts you get, inside a church, on Sunday.

Those stars in it-they make you feel just as free as the stars in the wide, deep night. And those stripes-they're bars of blood to any dictator who'd try to change it.

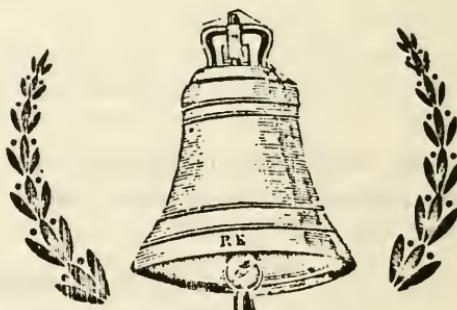
Just a piece of cloth, that's all it is-until you put your soul into it, and all that your soul stands for and wants and aspires to be

Get that straight-it's just a piece of cloth. It doesn't mean a thing that you don't make it mean.

What do you want to make it mean? A symbol of liberty and decency and fair-dealing for everyone?

Yes, that flag is just a piece of cloth until you breathe life into it. Until you make it stand for everything you believe in and want and refuse to live without.

Sent in by Gilbert Johnson,
Nashua, N.H.



Under a cooperative agreement with the State of California, the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs will provide job training and relocation assistance in the form of counseling, housing, and other services to Indian inmates throughout the California Department of Corrections. The primary objective is to provide skill and resources necessary to help them achieve the independence upon release from prison.

This assistance has been given Indian inmates in the Federal correctional institutions under an agreement signed last year. With BIA help, selected offenders are placed in the community directly from the institution instead of being required to go back to the reservation immediately after release. There are early indications that this procedure may reduce the rate of failure.

For information or assistance available to Indian Inmates, write: Julian (Buck) Smith, Program Coordinator, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Department of Interior, 1951 Constitution Ave., "N", Washington, D.C. 20 242.



"What really licked us was the arrow-makers' strike."

HAR & THAR

PAROLE AGENTS SENT TO PRISON

Ft. MADISON, IOWA -Iowa's Parole agents are being sent to prison. They began arriving at Iowa Penitentiary several month ago leaving a steady influx ever since.

The parole agents bring sentences of five days, and are not required to remain within the walls at night.

One or two agents are sent there each week. They talk to treatment personnel and sit in on group therapy sessions with the inmates.

Most of the agents commented that their tours are quite interesting and give them a better insight regarding the foster home of their charges.

CONFUSING, JUST LIKL AGE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. (AP) -Paul G. Fisher, 53, filed suit for an annulment, contending his bride of six weeks was guilty of fraud preceding their wedding.

He said his wife, Dorothy Jean, 34, had told him she has four children. After the wedding, Fisher said he had found out that there were 10 children.

"She just kept bringing more children into the home," Fisher said.

WEICHTLIFTER'S DELIGHT

CLEAVELAND, Ohio (AP) -Two men robbed an Ohio Bell Telephone Co., truck driver recently of pay coins weighing two tons.

Police said the robbers escaped with between \$15,000 and \$50,000 in nickels, dimes and quarters, which the driver had been collecting from pay phones.

"They'll have some problems getting rid of that much small change - but they'll have even more trouble lifting the loot out of the truck," the police said.

'IS IT A BIRD, IS IT A...?'

SAN BERNARDINO, Calif. (UPI) -Police answering a burglar alarm at a pipe company found what they thought was a James Bond-type burglar, clad in flying gear and trailing a parachute.

But Dean Heath explained to officers he was a skydiver whose chute failed to respond when he aimed for an open field. He landed instead on the grounds of the pipe company, snapping two power lines and tripping a burglar alarm in the process.

INMATE-OWNED COFFEE SHOP

BOISE, Idaho (PP) -What may be the first coffee shop owned and operated by convicts within the walls of a prison has been opened at the Idaho State Penitentiary.

The coffee shop, called "Robber's Roost", as a result of a "name-the-coffee-shop" contest open to all inmates of the prison, was established through the efforts of the prison Jaycees Chapter.

The shop was built by inmates and therefore at no cost to the state. Also, the operating cost of the coffee shop are the responsibility of the Jaycees.

The proceeds from the shop will be placed in the Jaycee fund and used for other projects to benefit inmates.

Inclosed and capable of seating 15 persons it is open 7 days a week from 6: a.m., until 1: p.m. -The Clock

LOUISIANA CONVENTION

FLORENCE, Ariz. (PP) -It was a blistering hot day in Phoenix but in an air conditioned room at the Westward Ho Hotel, everyone had his attention fixed on a young man speaking at the front of the room.

He was dressed in bright orange coveralls with the insignia of the Louisiana Jaycees embroidered on the back which in itself is not too significant a fact. The young man's name was Bill Livesay and what was significant is the fact that Bill is a convict.

Bill is the past president of the I.C.I.S. Jaycees from the state of Louisiana. The Warden of I.C.I.S., gave Bill a ten day leave of absense from the institution to attend the National Jaycee Convention in Phoenix.

This is really quite a feat when you stop to consider the fact that Bill is incarcerated for 1st degree murder and serving a life sentence.

Bill is the first inmate that has ever been permitted to cross a state line on his own recognizace that we know of in history of I.C.I.S. or any other penal institution.

-El Saguarro

SWEPT ARRESTED

TUJUNGA, Calif. (AP) -Two young women clad only in bikini bottoms were arrested as they swept the driveway in front of a house Sunday.

Police booked Gayle Ann Bell, 21 who lives there, and Carole Corene Rose, 24, on suspicion of indecent exposure. The tow are topless waitresses.

"Our boss told us it's legal," one of them told police. Keep Montana Green ~~Montana Green~~ Bring your Money.....

From The Warden's Office

Being a philosopher in the laymen's rank, I would like to make a few remarks that might be called plain old horse sens .

I cannot understand why a person who has his own time to do will go along with some fast-talking agitator who probably is looking at ten years and two detainers to follow. This fast talker just doesn't care what happens to him concerning parole, Disciplinaries, etc. He figures he might just as well do his time at Montana State Prison as Walla Walla. It seems he can always find some gullible fellow, a few months from the board, to go along with such thinking and, of course, get a big fat setback at his board appearance.

One thing I have always been taught - NO MAN is indispensable. When a man gets to the point that he thinks the boss can't get along without him - get rid of him immediately. When the boss has a man working for him and it seems as though he couldn't run his business without him - that is the time he should be transferred to another job or to some other employer.

I repeat, NO ONE is indispensable. When we are gone, there is always someone just as good or better qualified to handle our jobs.

Don't let some "lame brain" make you think the establishment can't operate without you. Everything will continue as usual long after we are gone.

One good plan, if you wish to delay your parole appearance or discharge date, is to take part in some antisocial individual who has never done anything right in his life and probably never will.

To quote the Editor of MP News, "Keep smiling and I'll think you are up to some skulduggery."

Ed Ellsworth, Jr., Warden

EDITOR'S NOTE: Due to a misprint in the April Edition of the MP News, Warden Ellsworth's article is now being reprinted, because of a technical error or errors that escaped our scrutinizing eyeballs. Well, you all know how it is - jest keep smilin' - no matter what hup'n's.

Warden's Office Cont.

Excerpts in the following article are a summary of an article appearing in a Jayce4 publication entitled, "Four Habits to Avoid in Personal Motivation."

1. Procrastination: A person develops the habit of putting off important decisions, hesitates to take calculated risks hoping that the problem will resolve itself or go away. Problems will not disappear unless we blot them out with action. The successful man knows that problem solving is a major part of his business. If they are not solved he is a failure.
2. Complacency: This is procrastination without a conscience. A person yields to an inner urge to take it easy. He is satisfied with "Good enough" instead of "very good" or "Excellent." He is the sort of person who has stabilized his income, stabilized his work habits and practically immobilized his life. It becomes a way of life and a definite motivation block.
3. Low Achievement Drive: A person of this type spends time looking for the easy things to do. He lacks desire to excel so is not interested in competition. No conscientious person can wait until he "feels like it" to make a contribution to life. He cannot wait until conditions are just right or until he "wants to work."

A person must set goals. If he follows this practice the odds are that he will gradually build and achieve drive.

4. Loss of Purpose: The last and most important habit to avoid is a loss of purpose. Many, both young and old, mistake the first goal in his career for the end instead of the beginning. The spirit and will to create are very precious. Once it is discovered it should be cherished and nourished at all costs. There is nothing more discouraging than a person who shows a flash of brilliance and then quits. "Not failure but low aim is a crime."

From The OLD BUZZARD'S ROOST

by Mutt



Remember the statement: "Stone walls do not a prison make"? Well, I've got news for you, Baby. They sure hold it together....Napee's good buddy, Clifford (White Cow) said the other day, that the only time he respects age, is when it's bottled....And did you hear about the new trust fund for today's youngster? Parents pay until their child becomes a teenager - then they can use the money for the kid's college enrollment or bail....That sneaky Napee said the way he met most of his girlfriends was thry a lsy, but subtle device. He painted WOMAN on his apartment house door....And then I overheard one of the guy's say that Allen (Cheezecake) Bain is really a good egg - always fried....Poor ole Napee went to a very exclusive trade school - where they taught him how to make license plates...."Bright eyes indicate curiosity," so says Cloyce Little Light, "and black eyes indicate too much curiosity."...A pat on the back develops character-if administered young enough, often enough, and low enough....Stupid, why Napee couldn't tell which way an elevator was goingif he had two guesses....Gene "Diamond" Grant is the sneaky type. The kind of a guy who'll listen to the radio while eating a TV dinner....And how about this one! Ahem, Leek telling Ronnie N., about his box number....I won't say that these officers are unreliable, but when one of them says "Good Morning," you feel like calling the weather bureau to make sure....The other day Agent Double-ought & seven and seven-eights (Henderson) said: "When I look at my girlfriend, time stands still." what he's trying to say is, she has a mug that would stop a clock....And then a good suggestion from our own Napee: "For those of you who really want something different, the next time you're in a bar ask for Geritol with a slug of Vodka in it. It's sort of a tired Bloody Mary."....Geez. I'll never smile again I dreamt I ate a ten pound marshmellow. Woke up and found my pillow gone....Overheard someone ask Clifford Wilson: "Have you ever considered lacing up your mouth

and renting out you head for a football.".....This is a message directed to all persons who have a relative in prison: You can bring joy to your incarcerated relative simply by investing the price of a stamp, a small amount of ink and a little bit of paper. WRITE A LETTER!! It means more than you will ever begin to realize, and it's such a small price to pay for a moment of happiness..... And then there was the time Ronald Calflooking sprinkled his rambling roses with champagne. Now they don't ramble anymore - they just stagger...Headline in newspaper: "Congress to Probe Low Necklines On TV."....Their not saying that Stretch (Brittingham) is skinny, but one day he entered the Mr. America Contest - and almost lost his citizenship....And then there's the one about Bill Thomas. He once crossed a bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon with an ostrich. Got beer with its head in the ground....Big "Herm" (Cardinal) still bunting them softballs over the walls. Make's a guy feel young again, don't it Herm?... Everything happens in this place, especially when their planting corn over by the messhall, for a certain fellow who hits the long ball that-a-way. There might just be something to that - any comments....New fences have sprung up between the theater and the school, and another one between the Old Barber Shop and the Gym, and between the Gym and the School. This is getting to be a real fenced of Astoria, isn't it? Fences inside of fences... And then there was this fellow who tried to walk out with the Job Corps Softball Team. Who Dat....Napee says you can't tell a convict by his appearance. Actually you can't tell a convict anything....And then there's "Big Van" (Van Nuland) cutting out for Rothe Hall before the softball seasoer gets under way, because they're always sticking him on some "duck" team. I don't blame you a bit, Van....Overheard during a softball game: Does Baldwin still think he can play ball?....Napee telling his girlfriend: Of course, I love you, but I won't chase you like you were the last noodle in a bowl of soup..... The talk is; that the Inmates cannot pick the guy's that can and will play ball. whereas, a few years ago when the Inmate Captain picked his ball players, the outside teams were knocking the walls down in order to trv and beat our Prison Teams. which of course, seldom, if ever happened. There were at least three good ball teams in here then, and these boy's played the game - the way it should be played: To WIN. At that tire it was common-

place to see a ball game go into extra innings with the score tied 0 to 0 or 1 to 1. Today the name of the game seems to be, Slow-pitch....Total Abstainer: One who abstains from everything - especially inactivity in the affairs of others...They tell me that Century Brown just entered a new contest. It's a special contest for long term prisoners. They have to finish a sentence in 25 years or less...."I've got such hard luck," said Pineapple(Ebeling). Everytime I meet a married woman, she's got a husband....And then according to Will Dale, "most men like booze, baseball and broads - and you can tell you're getting old if you like them in that order.".... I'm not saying that Napier is a crook, but you could use the checks he writes for blowout patches....Attention Food Service: Napier tells me there's a new cook book on the market for hippies. The wildest recipe is for a salad. You chop up lettuce, tomatoes, and green peppers. And then you throw in a dash of marijuana, and the salad tosses itself....And then how about those hippies that DeCoteau was telling me about sometime ago - dirty sweat shirts, jeans, long dirty hair, a beard - he means she looked awful....The other day, George (Yelloweyes) said: "I like to attend birthday parties and help the host drink up the presents....Seconds On Steak! Unheard of: But that's exactly what's been happening here at MSP. By the time I get to hacking real "cool" like on my steak, it's time to pull up stakes and leave the messhall...Lt. Torma is now a Sgt., working in the cellhouse on the second shift....I'll end this column with this little quote by Tolstoy: Error is the force that welds men together; Truth is communicated to men only by deeds of truth....See you all next month, and Remember that all your articles must be in the MP News Office by the 15th of each month. And this includes you Hens' across the street, and keep up the good work.... (mutt)

"Wise is the Indian who keeps the best of his own heritage and adopts the good of the white man's culture."

Tell me with whom you associate,
and I will tell you who you are.—
Spanish proverb

**One of man's greatest enemies is
the illusion that there will be more
time tomorrow than there is today.—
Sunshine**

The Last of the Last

by Cloyce
Little Light

After a brief encounter with the pine boughs the rays of sunshine finally reached the Army Surplus sleeping bag I was sleeping in. I got up and reached for my 'long johns' with half-hearted enthusiasm about the upcoming junt for a mysterious "caveman" spotted up here several months ago.

Ned and I had beer here three weeks without a sign of this caveman, snowman, or whatever name you want to concoct for it. After a breakfast of fish, eggs, and some pretty mean coffee, Ned and I started to pack our gear, preparing to go into the high country. Ned's pretty funny about these things and he goes about his business in some pretty unorthodox ways like for instance, he smokes his pipe before he eats, puts his shoes leaves some doubt in my mind as to his sanity, but my Dad couldn't have picked a better dog for me, than Ned.

After three hours of climbing we were about as high as anyone could go and about as tired as anyone could get. There we were unaware of the impending disaster that was to follow.

Up here in the Black Hills Country there are a lot of faults that are subject to cave-in any moment and it did right where Ned and I were standing. As the ground roared under us, Ned jumped up and grabbed me around the neck, causing me to lose my balance, as well as the pack I had and my rifle. I did a whang-dango and the T-berry shuffle for about thirty minutes, finally the roaring subsided and the ground stopped moving to my relief. I wiped the sweat off my face and started to look for the rifle and pack I lost and I found something I did not really care to find at that moment.

There he was all seven feet of him. In all my life I have never seen anything like it and I doubt if I ever will again. The creature was hairy with big protruding lips and equally big sunken eyes not to mention the nose which must have been a good eight inches in width alone! There I was no rifle and no way to defend myself, but to rely upon my strength which is very unreliable. As I took my Judo stance I caught ol' Ned in the corner of my

Con't on Page 30

eye, he was standing there poised and ready for a fight, every muscle in his body froze and ready for instant action. Waht a dog!

The creature approached me, surreptitiously, lie a big cat after his prey and there I stood, the prodigal mouse looking for a possible thorn in his paw. he circled me for what seemed like an eternity then he attacked, viciously, showing no mercy, like a hungry wolf after a rabbit. He charged and charged again, and to my relief, recklessly. I side-stepped him and judo chopped him twice and broke both hands on his thick skull. He charged again, this time I kicked him in the solar plexis, he flinched! "Now I've got him," I thought, but he started to charge again and as I was backing away my left boot came off and to this day that boot is one of my most prized possessions. The beast tripped on it and broke his neck.

After I wiped the blood off my face I went to look for Ned and I found him there in the same spot where he took his fighting stance, every muscle still frozen, he couldn't even move!

After two days I got the creature into town. People came from miles around to see it, including one old Indian Chief who had these words to say: "You might think you are a hero, you might think you're cool, but I know what you have done, you nasty old Crow! Many moons and winters from now people will praise you for this deed, but I will always be on your mind, because I will put a curse on you for this and I will never let you rest for killing the last wild Sioux around."

NEW YORK (AP) -2-28-69: A head teller who embezzled \$108,000 from his bank and gambled it all away, was sentenced to spend 30 WEEKENDS IN JAIL by a Federal Judge.

THIRTY weekends? That is sixty days! And we will give you 100 to 1 odds that not one single newspaper on the outside will find anything strange in this.

And they beamed with satisfaction when we were given 25 years in prison for stealing a few cases of whiskey from a bootlegger back during prohibition.

You can hardly blame us for feeling that this "law and order" business is a one-way street!

"JUSTICE" is a wonderful thing, if you can afford it.
-Rex Fletcher in the Eye Opener.

The Hen House

Pat R.



This is the first article I've ever written for the M.P. News, so I hope you all will bear with me. I will be going to the board on the 25th of April and just in case I'm lucky enough to be granted a parole, I'd like to tell you a little bit about what my time spent here has done for me. I really am glad that I was arrested and sent here when I was cause at the rate I was going, my forgery charge is minor compared to what it could have been. Although I never used narcotics, I know without a doubt, that I would have eventually tried and I also know I would have become hooked. My biggest problem was "booze." I was sure I could lick the world just as long as I stayed tanked up. Well, I lost my husband and my four kids cause I preferred my "free way of life." I was so smart that nobody could tell me anything. I was so smart that I worked my way into MSP with no trouble at all. Well, believe me I found out I didn't know so much after all and I was one big scared mess. First comes segregation and the hours of thinking. Good clear-headed thinking, and that smarts. I needed help, I asked for help and I've been getting help ever since. AA has become a big by part of my life. Through AA., I found God and all the help and understanding any desperate human could want. Also, we're real lucky in having great Matrons and Sgt. Hoy, and they're ready and willing to help us in any way they can, Because of all I've learned through AA, and my time here, I've grown up and

learned to face life honestly and sincerely. My ex-husband and I will be remarried as soon as possible and I will have my home and family back again.

On the evening of April 20th, Chaplain Skibsrud confirmed into the Lutheran Church. So all this goes to prove much can be gained by a better experience, such as a prison sentence, if you really want to gain by it. I sure can't think of a happier ending than this and for a sad tale of woe, can you?

Hello Thar *Mona D.*

Hi, I'm the new girl! Well, not too new! I'm *Mona*, and I really haven't been here long enough to know what not to do. But I'm catching on fast, believe me! Mercy mercy!

Right now I'm scrubbing floors in the office, but I'm not sure how long that will last (or me either) I have been attending AA and I think it's a pretty good deal.

Bout all I've got to say for now, maybe have more to say next month,

—*Mona D.*

I Do Believe *Velma Bah*

I DO BELIEVE THAT GOD ABOVE CREATED YOU FOR ME TO LOVE.
HE PICKED YOU OUT FROM ALL THE REST BECAUSE HE KNEW I
LOVED YOU BEST.

IF I GO TO HEAVEN AND YOU NOT, I'LL WAIT ON THE GOLDEN
STAIR AND IF YOUR NOT THERE BY JUDGEMENT DAY, I'LL KNOW
YOU'RE GOING THE OTHER WAY.
I'LL GIVE THE ANGELS BACK THEIR WINGS AND THEN THEIR
GOLDEN HARPS AND JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU,
I'LL GO TO HELL DEAR, JUST FOR YOU.

Baptism

Sunday evening April 20th we all attended Lutheran services led by Rev. Skibsrud, our Chaplain. In a very impressive ceremony Velma was baptized, then she and Pat were confirmed. Rev. Johnson from Billings attended as a guest and gave a nice talk welcoming the girls to the church. Later cookies and coffee were served.

The Chief Chef

Cheryl S.

Hi, I'm Cheryl and I'm the one to blame for any belly-aches over on our side, food wise that is. I'm chief cook and bottle washer over here. And hopefully, it won't be long before I'll be filling the same role at home; yep you guessed it, I'm going up for parole this coming Friday, the 25th. Though I guess by the time this is published I'll have heard the news. Good or bad depending on what happens! If I'm lucky I'll be out in that old cold, cruel world in about a month. (Sounds like I'm really going to miss it here, but it's just that I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings by saying I'm not exactly happy here.)

Sure been an experience being here, one I won't forget for a long time. It really hasn't been too bad, there have been quite a few good times with A., etc., and I've met some good people here.

Really, I guess that's about all I've got to say, except don't blow your mind and lose your cool! -Cheryl S.

Dream World

by Alycia C.

Everyone here has been living with all kinds of dreams. Because of the Parole Board. We'll have 3 lucky ones going up this month and we're all praying that they make it. So good luck Cheryl, Pat and Jerry. I'll also be going up in May. Everything has been going so good for me since I've been here and hope my luck will be with me at that time. (May)

While being here at the Institution, I've learned a lot. A prison is really not a bad place, it's what you make it to be. Some do hard time and some do easy time. But the way I look at it; no one had invited me, I'm here cause I committed a crime, and that sayin' "when you commit a crime you gotta do your time." So the best way to look at it is, live one day at a time. By your 24 hour a day Book, and that's a lot of help and that is why I like A.A. That is why I'm doing easy time. Yes, I get lonesome, but that's got to be expected and I'm sure

you all feel the same.

We're very proud for the two gals that got confirmed and baptized. At least you have a better start then I do, Pat and bubbles. I wish both of you all the happiness in this world.

We have a new-comer and we will all try to make her as comfortable as we can! We all went up that road and we all know how she feels. So your welcome to the club, Alma L.

Boy, we're stuffed with turkey. The way Cheryl's been cooking you'd think it was Thanksgiving every day. "way to go Cheryl, but it's good."

Yep! I thought I'd seen the light when I seen the two white gowns coming down the stairs. Then, I really didn't know what to think when I seen this black thing coming behind them. Here it was Rev. Skidsrud. All kiddin' aside Pat and bubbles, that was a wonderful service.

"Gee, Gee" I really don't know what else to say, I think I've said enough, Huh?

Wishing everyone all the luck.

-Alycia G.

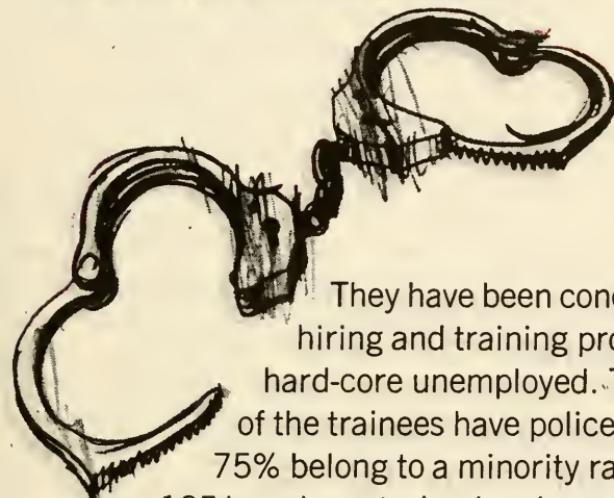
TRUE



"The best shot was when you chipped your falsie onto the green."

If you're short of help, try an ex-convict.

Lockheed Aircraft did.



They have been conducting a challenging hiring and training program for the hard-core unemployed. Twenty-five per cent of the trainees have police records and almost 75% belong to a minority race. So far, more than 125 have been trained and over 80% of the trainees are performing successfully in their job assignments. Lockheed is solving its own employment problem by helping out with the problems of others. Many other companies are doing the same. So can you.

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The Pat Hand *by Sue White* *Boulder, Colorado*

Many long winters have gone by since this tale was first passed from camp to camp. From the start of that time the imprint of a hand on a war horse is a mark of honor, a sign that the brave rider was wounded in battle. This is how the custom came about.

A band of Indian families were setting up camp. It had been some time since they had fresh buffalo meat, and now the scouts brought word that a herd was only one days ride away. The Chief's son took a small party of hunters to bring back the needed meat. There would be a feast in the camp if the hunters returned successful.

Two Suns traveled across the sky, and on the third day it was time for the hunters to return. Near evening the Chief sent out scouts to see if the hunters were coming in. The scouts returned long after dark, leading a riderless horse. In the flickering light of the council fire it was seen that the horse was an Appaloosa, the favorite spotted pony of the Chief's son. The people looked in silence at the strange marks on the horse --- spots of blood on the neck, and the bloody print of a hand on his shoulder. There had been no sign of the hunters.

With the rising of the sun, the chief and his best warriors set out to find the young braves. Following the Appaloosa's trail they reached the hunters as a blood-red sun was sending its last rays across the prairie. The strong hunters were dead, every one.

The bullet holes in their bodies told what had happened. They had been attacked by a large cavalry detachment. The fight had been hard, the hunters had defended themselves bravely, but at last they were over-powered. The Chief's son, with a bullet hole in his side, had tried to stop the burning pain. His hands were bloody as he dragged himself onto his horse, one hand wrapped in the Appaloosa's mane, the other pressed against the shoulder for support. But the wound was serious, the young warrior too weak; he had lost his grip and fallen to the ground. The faithful Appaloosa had waited for his master to get up once more, and he headed back toward camp.

Since that long ago time, an Indian wounded in a battle of defense has had the right to paint a handprint on the shoulder of his horse. It is a mark of honor.

A TRIP TO THE STORE

by Luckenbach

An ounce of justice please.

Sorry, we're all out.

Do you have any mercy?

Nope, haven't had any in stock for a long time.

You wouldn't happen to have a quart of peace would you?

Hah!

How about hope?

Sorry, we've never carried that item here.

Well, okay then, give me 2 gallons of greed
a pint of prejudice
a dram of deceit
and a hogshead of hate.

Gotcha.

A grade school was having a bazaar and the third grade teacher asked her class if any of them knew what a bazaar was.

After a long silence, one small boy raised his hand and said timidly: I'm not sure, but I think it's part of a Lady's underwear."

After talking with the gossipy neighbor, the man burst into his wife's boudoir. "Aha, you miserable wretch! Now i know everything!"

"Oh yeah?" responded his wife. "When was the battle of Bunker Hill?"

Sunday Evening Soliloquy

Sitting here
Paranoid, ulcerated, bored and drug
with the entire lousy hassle!

I've said this before;
Last Sunday evening as a matter of fact
and the Sunday evening before that
and the one before that, and.....

It's not just m

really.

So I sit here; WE sit here:

Marking Time while Time marks us

putting permanent scar tissue on our brains
and leprosy in our souls

With ulcers getting fat on a
NO-calorie diet of inadequacy, futility, and
forlornness

Dandruff and irony falling off us
As everyday we disappear a little bit more,
I could keep saying this every Sunday evening
But it's like everything else in the world
Either a lie or a distortion, and when all is said
And done according to the eternal trite, hacknayed script
Who cares?

The best law enforcement has little value if prison sentences are only temporary and embittering way stations for men whose release means a return to crime.

-Lyndon B. Johnson

Manuel Grange, who was wanted in New York on a larceny charge, was recently apprehended after an intensive man-hunt.

Grange was arrested at his place of work - The Identification Division of FBI headquarters in Washington DC.

Letter From a Young Convict to a Sentencing Judge

Dear Judge:

When I stood before you that day in court, you said some very stirring things to me. For one thing, you stated that I should be ashamed of myself for the way I had avoided my duties and obligations toward society. Later, you spoke of your interest in my possible rehabilitation, and you said something to the effect that the real purpose of imprisonment is to reform, rather than punish. Then you handed me the ten-year sentence I am serving now.

Sir, I have been in prison for over three years and I have kept hoping to see you, so I could tell you about the progress I am Making. But I have never seen you around this prison at all, and from what I can learn, neither has anyone else. In fact, I have been advised that you have never set foot in here in your life!

I was amazed to learn this. The way you spoke so learnedly of penology, rehabilitation and so on, I naturally figured you must have known what you were talking about. Otherwise, how could you have possibly known just what was best for me or the community?

However, since it is rather obvious that you know nothing whatever about this prison except for what you read in the papers or through gossip, I am curious too learn just how you arrive at your sentences. How can you possibly know just how long it may take to reform a person in here?

It's kind of funny, in a sad way. An auto-mechanic must know something about cars, a carpenter must know something about building things, etc. But it seems that a judge - a man who deals with the lives and fate of other human beings doesn't have to know anything at all about the place to which he sends people to be reformed! I guess all a judge had to know is courtroom procedure, a few legal phrases, and the limits of sentences.

Beging your pardon, Sir, but it's kind of hard for me to work up much respect for such apathy and indifference.

Band Hi-Lites

Jim Spurlock



Greetings from the band corner. Sorry about the slip-up on not having this article last month. I will try to cover both months with this article and henceforth, keep caught up.

On the 2nd of March at 7:30 p.m., the whole band put on an hour and forty-five minute Variety Show for a capacity crowd of about 375 outside music lovers. This program consisted of four different bands and with the skits to fill the slow spots. It would take up too much space to go into detail on the numbers and the crowds reaction, so I will just give the different groups and the men in them.

Starting out the program was the western band, consisting of Vern Boe, Vocal and rythem; Jess LaNere, vocal and rythem; Tom Von Wald, vocal and rythm; Jim Spurlock, bass and vocal; Butch Queen, lead guitar; and Gary Palmer, on the drums. Next group coming on was the Hard Rock, consisting of Butch Queen, lead guitar; Marv Schelling, lead and rythm and vocal; Jim Spurlock, rythm; John Parks, bass; and Bonnie Eskildsen, on the drums. While waiting for the next band to come on John "the Maestro" Ballenger came on strong with his fiddle playing Blue Orchids, and getting their feet stomping with Devil's Dream, and Jim Spurlock playing rythm. Next group coming up were the Trio, consisting of John "Indio" Carlson on the piano and organ; Jim Spurlock, rythm; John Parks, bass; and Ron Eskildsen on the drums. Closing out the show were the Folk Group made up of Ron Eskildsen, vocal and rythm; Marv Scilling, vocal and lead; John Parks, bass; and Gary Palmer, on the drums. The last number was done by all members of the band on

own own rendition of "Gotta Travel On."

The whole show was ran acceptionally well from the Administration and everyone had a real good time.

Since the Variety Show the band has been playing for a number of tours and keeping busy learning all the latest.

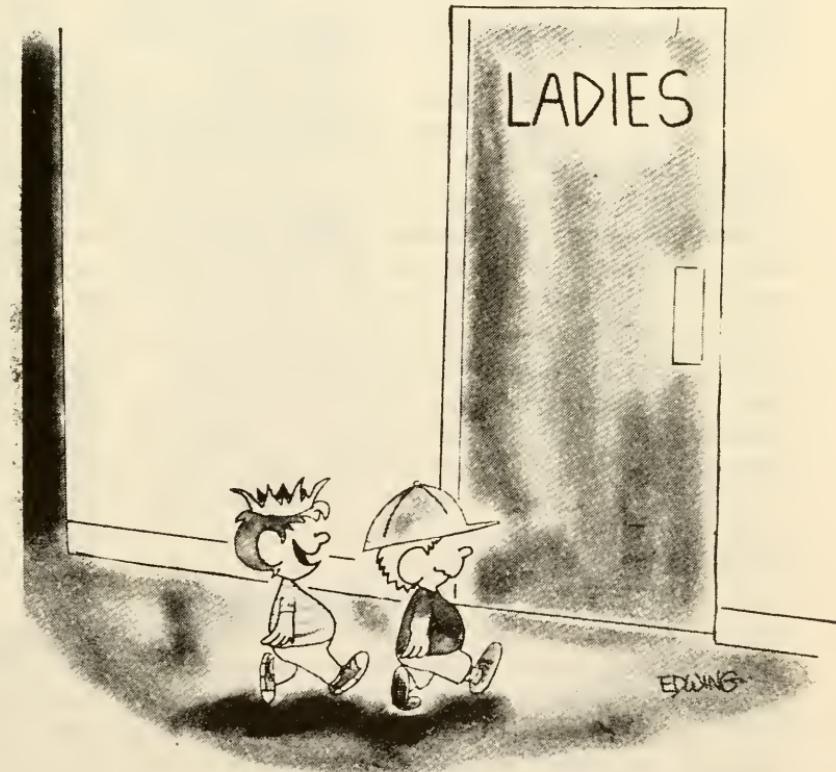
Jess Lamere is doing a fine job for the short time he's been on the band and is working on putting Merle Haggard out of business.

The month of April saw Rocky Laurence coming back to the band for a prolonged visit doing lots of Hard Rock, also coming back to our corner was Rick "Doolittle" Osier who plays a real mean mop ard broom as swamper.

John Parks had gotten his "Fender Tellicaster Bass" and it is a real beautiful instrument.

Nobody's been leaving the bard lately, but Gary Palmer made his parole and should be leaving any day. Good luck Gary.

That's about it for this month and last, so until next
---Keep Tuned.



"Now remember—play dumb!!"

Outstanding Inmate Performance Report

Facts an Specific Achivements: Inmate Jackley has been a good inmat. He aint neever been in no truble atall to me or nobody else in this here prison. He has a heep of times vollenteared fer jobs that was not even his'n. A few days ago he was an instrument and high help in fixen a truck that was broke. A bunch of men wus tring to fix it, and they cood'nt get it to do what the driver sed hit was doin. So inmat Jackleg went out and cheks the work order and the tail nomber on the truk, and told em that they was workin on the wrong one. This is a tipical xample of inmat Jacklegs high degré of teknickle nolledge and trublechuting abilitys. Anothur egzample of his fine deministration and exhalent qulity wus when one of the inmates in his crew got drunk on pruno and glue for three days, and inmat Jackleg dun his work fer him.

Strenths: Inmat Jackleg has a reel powerful hand grip. He lodes scrap iron in truks with no diffculty. He loded one peace that i node waid 2001 ponds. He also helps unlode pop off the truk fer the cantene.

Recommended improvmnt ereas: inmate Jackley is a out standin man cept when he is drunk on pruno. He come in the compond gate doing bout 70 miles a hour and run over a man one day and tore down the compond shack. He wus fortunary thet he aint brake his nek. He is good wit a saw and hammer two and he ot to have a leter of commeadition, for a outstanding job he done fer this place fer fixin the compond shak back. He is a good inmat.

Suggested assignments: Assin him to a remote duty. He aint never got along wit udder inmates who tak about wimmen and gurls. One day tow felers wus talking bout wimmen and they got in a fite bout who had the purtist gurl at home. Inmat Jackleg tried to brake up the fite and wond up in it hisself and whuped them both. I enves-tegeted what the fite was about and why Jackleg got in it. I cum to find out that inmat Jackleg is hear fer bibimy and that he has a lot of respeck fer wimmen. It seams lik the to felers wus talking bout inmat Jacklegs

Continued on Page 44

Texas Tyler



On the afternoon of May 21, 1969 the Inmate population was again invited over to the Prison Theater to hear a man who was here 5 or 6 years ago, and to hear part of his testimony and a few sacred songs. This was T. Texas Tyler's third visit to the Montana State Prison. During his eleven years in his religious work and four of those were as an ordained Minister of the Assembly of God Church, he has traveled extensively throughout the country and parts of Canada, giving his testimony and singing gospel songs in Churches and other Institutions. This man spent 28 years in show business besides making pictures for Columbia and recording his songs.

T. Texas Tyler's first number was, "Man of Galilee" and followed by another lively gospel song, "Oh, Beautiful Life," A poem that he had written while in West Virginia. "If I Had" was next, and then the song that had been his trademark for many years, "Remember Me" but this was the Christian version of it and he even added a growl or two to it. "Courting in the Rain" brought on a few chuckles from the audience, because it felt so good. Then his big hit of 1954, "Just a Bumming Around," got an ovation before and

after the song, and the last one that we've all heard at one time or another, that he also wrote himself, "The Deck of Cards".

All in all, everyone I believe enjoyed his fine performance. Students from the outside and the women

Employees were also on hand to hear T. Texas Tyler relate his experience with drugs and alcohol. How only after he had found our Lord, Jesus Christ, was he able to overcome this addiction that had controlled him for so many years.

Outstanding -cont. from p. 42

wifes both of em. They said sompin that wusnt very respectful about his wifes and he wus only defenning his wimmen. You got to respeck a man that will defen his wimmin like that. Therfor I am gona reccomend to the Porole Bord that this fine man be released as soon as pocible.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This report was written by an officer who has been employed at a prison for 10 years. His English and spelling have greatly improved.



Would you believe 120 in the shade? Ok, then, how about $92\frac{1}{4}$.

Appreciation

Because I cannot thank everyone individually, I would like to take this means to express my sincere thanks to Warden Ellsworth, the Montana State Prison Employees who held a dance for my benefit and also to the inmates who contributed in any way to making this trip possible.

I really feel honored to be selected to play in the United States High School Band. I will travel with eighty band and sixty chorus members and will perform concerts in the major cities of Japan.

The first four days we will stay at the Olympic Memorial Youth Center and will rehearse about eight hours a day.

Thanks again and I will tell you more about it when I return

Signed: David Hunt

MOUNT POWELL TOASTMASTERS

On May 13th, Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club #141, held an Awards Presentation Night. Honoring the four men who have finished their Basic Training.

Mr. Ed Ellsworth Jr., Warden, presented the Awards to these four men; Mr. George Kimble; Mr. James Havey; Mr. James Addison; and Mr. James Wells. Each of these men gave a three to five minute speech of acceptance, expressing their sentiments concerning Toastmasters Training, and what Toastmasters means to them.

Mr. James G. Blodgett, Deputy Warden, presented ten awards, seven going to the officers of the club for Participation as officers, and three awards to the first, second, and third place winners in the Weekly Speech contest.

Mr. Bill Barry acted as Toastmaster of the evening, and after the awards were presented, Mr. George Kimble received the gavel as Table Topic Master. The Topics were lively and humorous.

The institution's photographer, George Stroisch, took pictures of the presentations. All in all, the meeting was a success, and speaking for those of us who received awards, I am proud of the award I received.

Mr. W. Lendland, Club Counsellor

Mr. James Wells, Special Correspondent

Mr. James Addison, Assistant Special Correspondent

Created for a purpose
 our lives must be,
 God has a plan for
 you and me. From the
 raging of oceans, to
 grains of sand, nothing
 was left out of
 God's beautiful plan!
 It includes happiness
 and hurt to those who
 can't see, from the
 simplest of things to

complexity. He made the splendor of the universe to the workings of a hand. All are part of God's beautiful plan. He gave Mother Nature his garden to tend, and to the cycles of life her warm hand lend. He sculptured the birds who grace our skies and the tears that fall from little girls' eyes. He whittled the trees in our forests that stand. Nothing was left out of God's

beautiful plan! He
 gave us our wives and
 the children they
 bear, then to help
 and guide us, he gives
 us prayer. He gave
 us the power of rea-
 son and choice, to
 decide our own fates
 so let us rejoice. He
 created the flowers,
 streams and our fruit
 bearing land. All are
 part of God's beauti-
 ful plan. He gives
 us his love and died
 to make us whole, and
 if this wasn't enough
 he gave us a soul.
 For all this he asks
 only that we do what
 is right and promises
 if done, eternal life.
 He gave us our very
 lives then a helping

hand. Nothing was left out of God's beautiful plan!

Beautiful Plan

Who Needs God?

by Chaplain Skibsrud

My theme reflects a common attitude of many who are compelled to spend time in our institution. Never having seen God, and never having taken time to examine evidence of His help in our life, we smuggly presume to be able to live life as though God does not exist.

But from among those who were inspired to provide us with the Bible and its truths one writer very bluntly says, "the fool says in his heart, 'there is no God'" Psalm 14:1. All the evidence, common sense, logic tell us that the world, ourselves and all that is a part of the order in which we find ourselves - these could not have happened accidentally, they must be the work of One with supreme intelligence and power. This One is the logical center and architect of our world, we call God.

But what does faith in God do for us? I believe it does three things:

(1) It keeps each from the blind notion that I am, myself, the center of the world - that what "I think, I want, I feel" - this is the center by which I will interpret life and its meaning.

(2) Faith in God will help us acknowledge that He is the center of the world He has made, and life falls into so much better order for each of us when we agree that our world is one in which we live together with many others whose needs and feelings we are responsible to consider.

(3) Faith in God helps us prove that as we will let our lives be guided by the principle of "love to God, and love to others as to self," we are strengthened in a confidence that this is "the right way." The God Who empowers us by faith makes our lives an unfolding adventure in which we will not be defeated, a life in which God is ready to make His help equal to any or all of our needs.

Don't cheat yourself out of the dimension for living that a faith in God is able to give you. Know God through the teachings of the Bible, through dialogue and fellowship with those who've proved that "God is real." Your chaplain is ready to help you discuss and explore the adventure of believing in God.

HE'S telling YOU about



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